

APPROPRIATION BILL.	
An Act to appropriate a part of the City Revenue for the fiscal year ending May 31st, 1915, be, and the same be, by appropriation as follows:	
For sal	\$8,570.00
for police force	14,100.00
For Public Schools, to pay a deficit, year 1913-14.	3,000.00
For cleaning streets	11,800.00
For repairing streets	1,900.00
For pumps and repairing	200.00
For chain gang	1,500.00
For poor and workhouse	2,900.00
For outdoor poor (medicines, internments, etc.)	303.00
For emergency fund (Associated Charities)	1,500.00
For printing and advertising	500.00
For Fire Department	10,000.00
For fire plugs	200.00
For public property	12,500.00
For City Council	1,250.00
For contingencies	150.00
For election expenses	400.00
For ground rent	100.00
For electric lights	7,300.00
For courts and jails	4,200.00
For law expenses	1,500.00
for coroners' inquests	100.00
For Alexandria Hospital	500.00
For Lunacy Commissions	150.00
For Alexandria Kindergarten	150.00
For redemption of bonds, issue of 1879	2,400.00
For interest on bonds, issue of 1902	1,560.00
For interest on bonds, issue of 1908	28,000.00
For sinking fund for the redemption of bonds, issue of 1902	1,000.00
For sinking fund for the redemption of bonds, issue of 1908	7,000.00
For temporary loan	50,000.00
For interest on temporary loan	1,755.00
	\$196,965.00
Section 2.—That it shall not be lawful for the Auditor to issue his warrant for any amount in excess of the several appropriations aforesaid, and it shall be his duty at the next meeting of the City Council to notify them if any of these appropriations are exhausted, and thereafter, until further appropriations are made, no warrant shall be drawn beyond the amounts appropriated.	
Section 3.—This act shall be in force from its passage.	
Passed the Common Council, June 9th, 1914.	
R. D. BRUMBACK, President.	
Passed the Board of Aldermen, May 26th, 1914.	
F. F. MARBURY, President.	
Approved June 11th, 1914.	
THOMAS A. FISHER, Mayor.	
Test: DANIEL R. STANSBURY, Clerk of Council.	



Uneeda Biscuit

A crisp, clean, nutritious food. For everybody—everywhere. Fresh in the moisture-proof package, 5 cents.



Zu Zu

The funny little name of the famous little ginger snap that puts fresh "snap" and "ginger" into jaded appetites. 5 cents.



GRAHAM CRACKERS

The natural sweetness and nutriment of the wheat are retained, giving them a delightful flavor. 10 cents.

Buy biscuit baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name

VOWS OF POVERTY VALID.

Supreme Court Reverses Decision in Father Wirth Case.

Washington, June 23.—Doubt cast upon the validity of vows to poverty in man Catholic orders was removed yesterday by the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision of the Eighth United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

The lower court, sitting in Minnesota, held the vows void as against public policy on the ground that they did not permit a person making them ever to withdraw from the order.

The Supreme Court yesterday, speaking through Justice Hughes, announced that the lower court had fallen into error by not distinguishing between the religious and civil nature of the vows. It was pointed out that a person was permitted under the organizations of the orders to withdraw civilly, although his withdrawal in a religious sense was a matter of conscience.

The case arose in the settlement of the estate of Father Augustin Wirth, in charge of a church at Springfield, Minn., at the time of his death. Relatives claimed property in his possession, despite his vows to the Order of St. Benedict to possess no property, and to turn over to the order all his worldly possessions.

Climax of 40 Years' Quarrel.

North Reading, Mass., June 23.—A forty years' quarrel over timber land came to a climax Sunday when Charles Samuel Harris, a farmer, was killed by a bullet fired from the revolver of his brother James.

Directly after the shooting James surrendered to the police. He said his brother had attacked him with an axe after an argument about cutting timber on their land and that he shot in self-defense. Charles Harris was 65 years old, James is 58.

According to James Harris' statement to the police, although the two brothers lived together for forty years, they always had been at odds over the disposition of the timber. On Sunday Charles went to the lot and cut several small trees. When he returned to the house James met him in the kitchen and the ancient quarrel was renewed.

Ernest Rawlett, 14 years old, 304 Linworth place southwest Washington, fell into the Tidal basin near the bureau of engraving and printing yesterday and was drowned.

ARE YOU A MATHEMATICIAN?

Then Solve This Problem and Win a Prize of \$25,000.

The largest single prize offered for a scientific discovery is still going begging. The prize has been open to competition for many years. At first sight the problem for a solution of which the prize is offered looks no more difficult than those with which high school students are familiar, but many of the greatest mathematicians in the world have tried to solve the problem and given it up in despair.

It is known as Fermat's problem. Nearly 300 years ago, Fermat, one of the greatest mathematicians who ever lived, stated that the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ could not be satisfied by whole numbers when n is an odd prime number different from unity. The problem may be stated in another way—viz, that $x^n + y^n = z^n$ cannot be satisfied when n is any integer greater than 2. The one follows as a logical conclusion from the other.

The Academy of Sciences of Göttingen, Germany, offers a prize of 100,000 marks (about \$25,000) for proof of this assertion. This is the prize that is going begging.

Dr. Joseph Bowden, professor of mathematics, Adelphi college, Brooklyn, asked by the Scientific American to state the precise conditions for winning the prize, writes that the Academy of Sciences will not consider any manuscripts sent in, but only proposed solutions printed and offered for sale as monographs, in books on mathematics or in mathematical periodicals. The award will not be made until two years after the publication of the memoir in order that mathematicians may have ample opportunity to test and criticize the solution.

The object of these restrictions is to save the academy from being flooded with undigested manuscripts. It will only consider solutions that have stood the test of some competent editor or publisher in the first place.

FRANCE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Its Influence in the Melting Pot of the Latin Races.

South America is the melting pot of the Latin races, and the French influence now seems to predominate over that of Spain. Italy is well represented, especially in strong Argentina. Brazil seems to be the most polyglot of them all, for here the native Portuguese is mingled not only with the Spanish and French and English, but a great deal of German. In the south of Brazil 90 per cent of the people speak German, and Portuguese is not always enforced as the language even of the public schools.

The large German colonies here do not affiliate with these people as they do with the Anglo-Saxon brothers of the north. They live to themselves, they retain their own language and customs. In Chile, where there are many English, too, the Germans direct the education of the country. Buenos Aires is close to this Germanic group in southern Brazil and feels its influence, though Argentina seems the most unified and progressive of the republics in point of literary expression and culture.

French influence also is felt in Brazil. Rio de Janeiro itself was founded as a refuge for French Huguenots, though they were afterward driven back. In Paris today one hears that a youth is to emigrate to America, but probably it is to Rio that he is going. There are many French immigrants, and French is required in most of the schools and is next to the native tongue in importance in northern Brazil. Formerly in Brazil Spanish or German always came next to French, but it is said that some of the states now require English as the third language and that Brazilians are proud of their English.—Christian Science Monitor.

Suspicious.
Ernest Vizetelly, who has published a record of his experiences during the Franco-Prussian war, tells a story to illustrate the popular mania for discovering "treason" that prevailed in Paris. He says that one day a soldier remarked to a comrade: "I am sure that the captain is a traitor."

"How's that?" was the rejoinder. "Well," said the suspicious soldier, "have you not noticed that every time he orders us to march forward we invariably encounter the enemy?"

Executions in Europe.
Methods of putting criminals to death vary. In Europe the guillotine is the mode of execution most generally employed. Austria, Holland and Portugal are the only other countries besides Great Britain where criminals are hanged. In Oldenburg they are shot. In Brunswick they are beheaded, and in Spain they are garroted.—London Telegraph.

Needed Airing.
"What's the matter with you?" demanded Boreen hotly. "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?" "Oh, of course," replied Brightly. "They're so stale and musty they certainly need something of that sort."—Philadelphia Press.

Transposed.
He—Then my welfare is of no interest to you? She—Not so much as your farewell would be, Mr. Smithers.—Boston Transcript.

Warmed Against Coffee.
Once upon a time people wanted state wide prohibition of coffee. In his book, "London in English Literature," Percy H. Boynton says of the old coffee houses:

"As the number of them increased broadsides appeared against them. One was entitled 'The Woman's Petition Against Coffee,' and it asserted that coffee drinking encouraged idling and talkativeness and led men to trifle away their time, scold their chaps and spend their money, all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, nauseous puddle water!"

Diplomacy.
"You persuaded your husband to join a club club?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Higgins; "when he starts to sing at home I can now make him not to fire his voice, and when he sings in the club I can't hear him."—Washington Star.

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.—Steele.

ENERGY IN ATOMS

Likened to Infinite Power in an Infinitesimal Space.

EACH ONE IS A TINY WORLD.

If All Should Burst Their Walls at Once the Universe Would Dissolve in an Instant—A Magic Force That Science Is Seeking to Control.

Do you remember when Aladdin had just got down into the cave under the tree, what mysterious magic he found around him? But among all the riches of the cave there was only one little dust-covered thing that was really worth the risk he had run because it alone was truly novel and unlike anything else in the world—the magic lamp that had the genie for its slave. With that in his possession the poor boy was more powerful than all the monarchs in the world, provided that he knew how to handle the lamp, and that knowledge came to him by accident.

I have just been pondering over some statements by Jean Becquerel, the French physicist, about the contents of the atoms of which matter is composed, and they have forcibly recalled Aladdin's adventures to my mind. The interior of an atom is a little world infinitely more marvelous than the cave that contained the magic lamp and it conceals powers incomparably greater than that of Aladdin's good genie.

To the scientific imagination the inside of an atom is inversely as wonderful as the starry heavens. It is in finite power packed into infinitesimal space. That, of course, is an exaggeration; but this is a case in which one has to speak in imposing figures because the facts surpass all ordinary experience.

"The atom," says Jean Becquerel, "is a closed world, or almost closed and it is that fact which constitutes its individuality."

This "closed world" of the atom is so small that if we could traverse the powers of our microscopes a thousandfold we could not render it visible and yet that minute speck of matter incloses a "solar system" as elaborate as that of the great sun with its planets, and keeps locked up there, an energy so colossal that the plainest statements of fact that can be made about it seem like wild dreams.

"The emanation from radium" is substance whose atoms spontaneously give out at least a part of their energy "is capable of liberating 2,500,000 times more energy than the most violent chemical reaction known."

The world within the atom ordinarily behaves as if it had no concern with the world outside. It is sufficient unto itself. It is a little medieval China, with closed ports and insurmountable walls all round. Still, a very few atoms like those of radium, have a tendency to communicate with the outer world by a kind of explosion.

If all atoms should burst their walls simultaneously the whole universe would be dissolved in an instant.

The atoms that do disintegrate pass from change to change. Within their limits the foundations of matter are broken up; the distinctions of the fundamental elements are confounded; things lose their nature and shift into other things; uranium gives birth to radium and to polonium; radium brings forth helium, and the last transformation of polonium that has thus far been observed is into plain lead. It is like a transmigration of atomic souls.

But this is not the only consequence of the opening of the world of the atom. That opening releases energy in forms which we can recognize and which some day perhaps we may be able to utilize.

Atomic energy is the magic lamp that the Aladdin of science has found in nature's secret cave.

One day Aladdin's mother found the rusty lamp where he had cast it aside as useless and thought that she would polish it up. Instantly, at the first vigorous rub, the slave of the lamp stood before her, ready to do her bidding!

The Aladdin of science has not thrown his lamp aside. He knows it is full of magic. He is sure that if he rubs it right the genie will appear before him, but he has not yet learned the right stroke. And perhaps after all it will be with him as it was with the other Aladdin—accident will teach him the secret.

When that day comes, if ever it does, there will hardly be any limit to the transforming power of man over the world he lives in.—Gurgett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

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"As the number of them increased broadsides appeared against them. One was entitled 'The Woman's Petition Against Coffee,' and it asserted that coffee drinking encouraged idling and talkativeness and led men to trifle away their time, scold their chaps and spend their money, all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, nauseous puddle water!"

He—Then my welfare is of no interest to you? She—Not so much as your farewell would be, Mr. Smithers.—Boston Transcript.

We shall never find the situation where courage and cheerfulness will not avail as more than repining.

BEAUTY OF THE HUDSON.

Its Picturesque Scenery Far Surpasses That of the Rhine.

The Hudson river is very remarkable in several respects. In the first place, for 150 miles of its length it is not a true river but a fiord. From Albany to the ocean its rock bottom, with the exception of a few islands, is below sea level. How far below, it is not accurately known. Opposite Storm King mountain engineers bored a thousand feet down into the dirt and sand that fill the gorge under the water and did not find rock bottom. The shore line at Albany is at practically the same elevation as the shore line at New York, and the tide rises at Albany two and eight-tenths feet. The upward and downward flowing of the tide, of which Hudson took advantage in his voyage, had long been noticed by the Indians, who spoke of the river with wonder as the stream that flowed both ways.

The river is unsurpassed for its great natural beauty. The distinguished German surgeon, Dr. Adolph Lorenz, in 1902 declared it more beautiful than the Rhine, which depends on the castles on its banks for its main charm. Primarily, the beauty of the Hudson is due to the extraordinary range of its geological history. From its source to the sea it is an epitome of creation. It rises in the Adirondack mountains, which tower to a great height. The famous Highlands of the Hudson, between which Hudson sailed 300 years ago, are of the same Archæan rocks and were once a group of islands. The Catskills are more modern and the Highlands still younger. The latter rising sheer 300 to 500 feet above the water's edge, were once a fiery molten mass and their columnar shape is due to the manner in which the mass cooled off.

These facts indicate what a storehouse for fascinating research the Hudson valley is for the person, young or old, who will study it with the mind as well as with the eye.—Edith Townsend Kaufmann in Leslie's.

SOLONS AND SALARIES.

Some European States Pay Their Lawmakers Only a Mite.

Italy and Spain are the only European countries which offer no monetary reward to their members of parliament. The Portuguese legislators are not remunerated by the state, but they have a free pass for traveling on all railways in the country, and their constituencies are permitted to pay a sum equivalent to 15 shillings for each day's sitting.

Denmark is another country which believes that its political gentlemen are ready to work for almost nothing. Members of parliament there only receive 6 shillings per day, but they have the peculiar privilege of a free seat in the Royal Theater in Copenhagen.

The Norwegian honorable member is thankful for a daily income of 12 shillings, though he must do his duty properly to get it. He loses a day's pay when he takes a day off. Members of the Swiss diet work under the same threat. If they are absent they lose salary which amounts in their case to 10 shillings per day.

Romania pays her lawmakers a sovereign per day, and Bulgaria offers 10 shillings. In the latter country members living in the capital have 4 shillings deducted because they have no train fares to pay and only one home to keep up.

Hungary treats her statesmen just as well as England does, allowing them £200 per annum. They have, however, a liberal allowance for house rent and can travel first class with second class tickets.—London Tit-Bits.

Keeping Your Word.

The following quotation from De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost" may help a few to see the moral issue more clearly. Mr. Jerry began feebly, "You can't do more than keep your word, Mo." "Mo, a fine old ex-prizefighter, replied:

"Yes, you can, Jerry. You can keep your meum. And you can do more than that. You can keep to what the other party thought you meant, when you know. I know this time. I ain't in a court of justice, Jerry, dodgin' about, and I know when I'm square by the feel."

Played With Fire Balls.

For many centuries polo, or chaugan, as it was then called, was a favorite pastime with Asiatic rulers. A contemporary annalist records of Akbar, the greatest of Mogul emperors, that "he plays at chaugan on dark nights, the balls being set on fire. For the sake of adding splendor to the game his majesty has knobs of gold and silver fixed to the chaugan sticks. If one of these breaks any player that gets hold of the pieces may keep them."

Good Advice.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fearfrighted.

"I kept my husband on a string five years before I consented to marry him."

"Why so long?" "Well, you see, I waited until I could see his way clear financially!"—Lippincott's.

Proof.

She—I don't think you love me as much as you used to do! He—What makes you think that, dearest? She—You are not half so foolish as you used to be.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ATE AND WAS SAD

Yet It Was a Dish For Which He Had Yearned For Years.

A TRAGEDY IN GASTRONOMY.

Bouillabaisse and as propositions to an English Epicure.

We all know that famous poem of Thackeray's which begins, A street there is in Paris famous For which no time our language yields, and goes on to tell of the tavern where the genial Titmarsh in the days when he was a Paris correspondent "ate and drank the bouillabaisse."

As a result of that delightful poem tens of thousands of Englishmen have yearned to eat bouillabaisse. Thackeray puts it so beautifully! The steaming dish of stewed fish that he conjures up in his lines—how appetizing it seems! I know that it was quite early in my teens when I first read that poem, and from that moment there was formed in my mind a firm resolve to eat some day of bouillabaisse.

My opportunity came not long ago when I visited Marseilles. It was nearly half past 9 when I sat down in the dining room of the hotel.

"There is no bouillabaisse on the menu," I said severely to the maitre d'hotel. "I have come to Marseilles specially to eat it." He replied that it was not a specialty of the house, but that it could always be prepared. How long would it take? Twenty-five minutes, perhaps a little longer. "But I think monster would find it rather heavy at such a late hour."

He was not encouraging, this maitre d'hotel. I did not accept for a moment his suggestion that bouillabaisse was too heavy a dish for half past 9 at night. Thackeray had not talked about heaviness. But twenty-five minutes! I ordered an omelet.

At midnight, walking down the famous Canebiere, back to the hotel, I was hailed by a familiar voice. It was that of a friend whom I had not seen for a long time. Gratefully I grasped his hand and told him that I intended to eat bouillabaisse as soon as possible. And my respect for him was considerably enhanced when he told me that he had eaten some that very afternoon, an hour after his arrival in Marseilles. Here was the true spirit, and I related to him, with some bitterness, my experience with the maitre d'hotel. "Well, it is rather heavy stuff," he said. But I brushed this aside, and we arranged to meet at lunch on the morrow, when I should have the best that Marseilles could give me.

There are, as everybody knows, two places at Marseilles for bouillabaisse—Pascals and Basso's, on the Vieux Port. We decided on Basso's. "Bouillabaisse," I said laconically. I paid no attention to what my friend ordered. No other dish interested me. But in a minute or so a curious looking mess was set down before him.

"What's that stuff you're going to eat?" I asked.

"That's bouillabaisse," he said, "but it's no mine."

I started. This bouillabaisse, this curious looking stuff, with indigestible looking lumps of fish floating in a bilious and oily saffron liquid! I know not what I had expected bouillabaisse to be, but it certainly was not this. There was a piece of fish which I recognized as eel, and I loathed eels. The broad flat of another and unknown fish stuck up out of the opaque liquid. But it was the yellow liquid itself which repelled. It shouted biliousness, and the smell of saffron that arose with the steam made me feel ill. Oh, Thackeray!

I pecked at the eel—or it may have been a lamprey—explored the various other fish, tasted gingerly of the thick saffron liquid on one of the pieces of toast that floated in it. But mine was no palate for bouillabaisse. I made the waiter take the mess away and bring lamb cutlets.

But I had tasted of bouillabaisse and was not to forget it. All day long the terrible taste of saffron remained with me. Nothing would shift it; not Marseilles tea, nor many golden loaves, nor dinner. In fact, the bouillabaisse of lunch spoiled the dinner. And at midnight, in a cafe on the Canebiere, my friend confided a secret to me. "When we fell in with each other just twenty-four hours ago," he said, "I was suffering just as you are now. The horrible taste of saffron had remained obstinately with me ever since lunch and has not quite gone even yet. But you told me you had come to Marseilles to eat bouillabaisse, and I knew nothing I could say would dissuade you. But no doubt the bitterness of this moment will fade away, and as time passes you will tell your friends in England how excellent is the real bouillabaisse! I only have it in Marseilles."

"Never! I would die first!" I exclaimed firmly.—London Standard.

Africa's Pygmy Antelope.
The pygmy antelope of the Gold Coast of Africa is the smallest of cud chewing animals. It stands about ten inches high at the withers—that is, about as high as a fox terrier. The male has minute horns that run straight back in the line of the forehead. The pygmy antelope was described in 1703 by the Dutch traveler Bosman, who, in his "Description of Guinea," says that it is called the "king of the harts" by the natives. By English writers it is often called the "royal antelope."

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

Post Toasties

For That Bedtime Snack

The kiddies need something that is dainty and appetizing, don't they? And you want to be sure that they have a food that is easily digested—one that will not disturb their sleep.

Post Toasties are surprisingly good at any time.

They are made of the hearts of the finest Indian corn, perfectly cooked, delicately sweetened and salted, rolled into thin, ribbonary flakes and toasted to a crisp, golden brown.

They have that indescribable flavour—sweet and delicious, that so delights the taste.

Just pour from the package and add cream and sugar, or sprinkle over fresh berries or fruit.

Easy to serve and mighty good.

"The Memory Lingers"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

